BLACKTHORNE INCORPORATED PUBLISHING

No. 5
$1.75 U.S.
$2.50 CANADA

COLD BLOODED CHAMELEON COMMANDOS

MEET

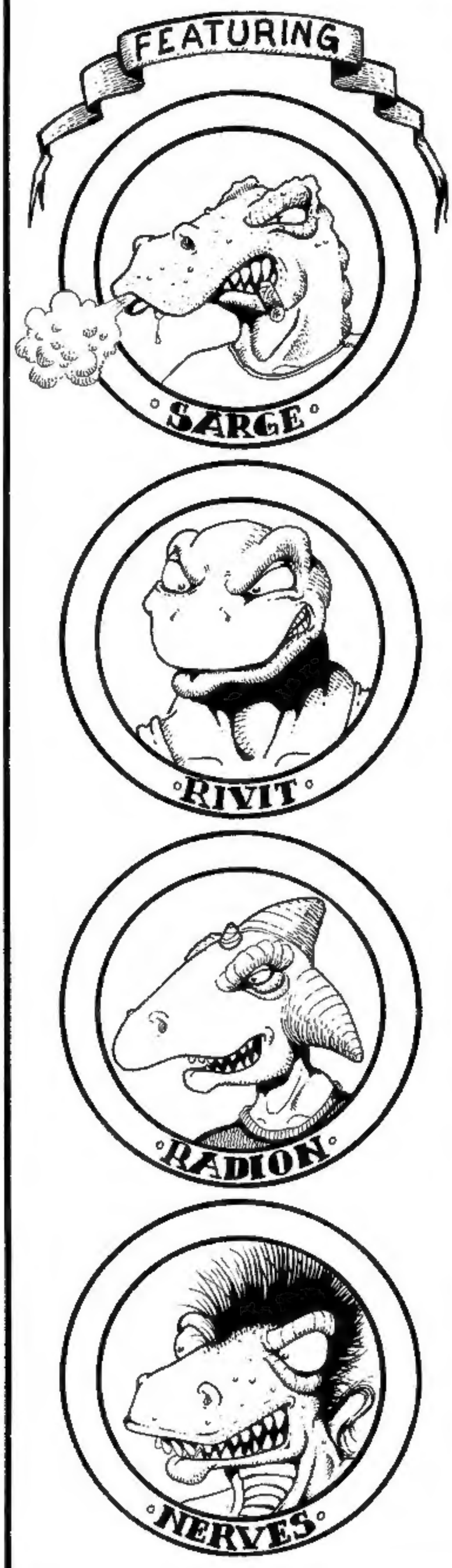
BEASTIE FLY

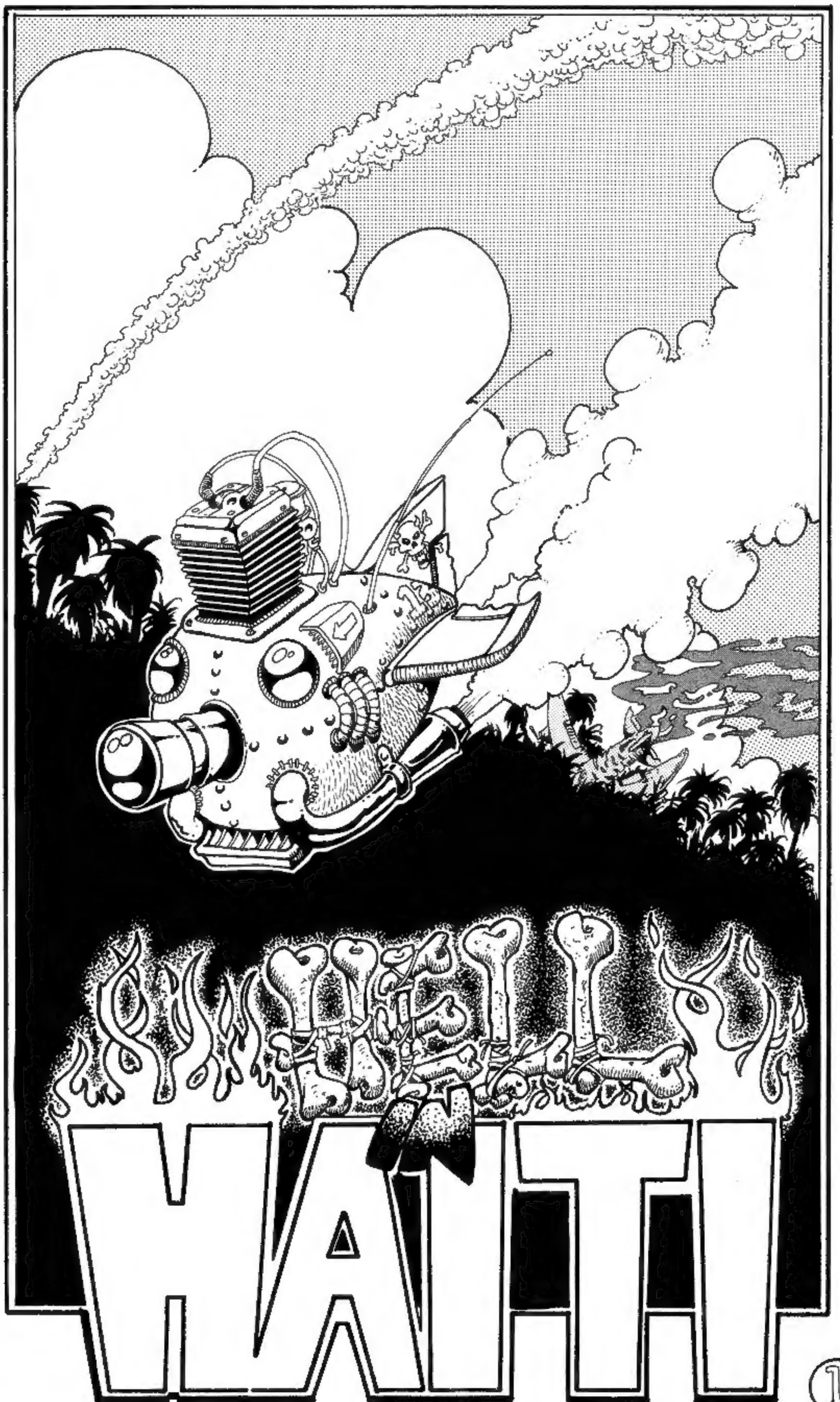
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

COLD BLOODED CHAMELEON COMMANDOS

BY MICHAEL KELLEY

FEATURING





HAITI

ENOUGH ABOUT MY LANDING, AT LEAST WE'RE ALIVE.

YEAH. BUT WHERE?!

THERE'S A SIGN.

BEWARE

SWAMP OF THE DEAD

ULP! WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO TURN AROUND.

TURN AROUND! YOU'VE GOT TO BE **KIDDING**, NERVES, THIS IS OBVIOUSLY SOME PRIMITIVE ATTEMPT TO KEEP PEOPLE OUT. I SAY HEAD ON IN.

I AGREE WITH RIVIT. JUST LISTEN TO YOURSELVES. NERVES, YOU SOUND LIKE SOME SUPERSTICIOUS OLD LADY. NOW LET'S GET MOVIN'.

OLD LADY NOTHING! I HAVE A FEELIN' I'M GONNA REGRET THIS.

CHECK IT OUT. DON'T LET NERVES SEE THIS PUPPY.

TOO LATE HE JUST FOUND ONE.

JEEZ! THEY'RE ALL OVER THE ®#†%® PLACE, SARGE.

HOLD YOUR FUDGE RIVIT, YOU SOUND AS BAD AS NERVES.

WHAT WAS THAT? I JUST HEARD SOMETHING.

WHAT'S THE MATTER SARGE? YOU SOUND LIKE NERVES.

SHUT UP RIVIT. I'M SERIOUS

SOMEONE WAKE NERVES. HE'S GONNA **LOVE** THIS.

KELLEY

O-O-O-O HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?

GET UP!

JUST WAIT A MINUTE RIV, MY KNEES ARE SORTA WEAK.

GET UP **NOW** PENCIL NECK. WE'RE IN SOME TROUBLE . .

REAL TROUBLE CHECK IT OUT.

A—G—G—H—H—H

NICELY PUT.

THANKS TO RADION'S **COMPLETE** LACK OF FLYING SKILLS WE LOST ALL OUR WEAPONS.

I DON'T RECALL **YOU** OFFERING TO TAKE THE CONTROLS.

LISTEN, YOU SKRAWNEY LITTLE LIZARD, I'M JUST ABOUT READY TO TEAR YOUR **HEAD OFF**

KNOCK IT OFF! GUYS WE'RE IN A SERIOUS JAM HERE, AND THE TWO OF YOUR AREN'T HELPING THINGS.

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, SARGE? WE CHUCK A FEW K-RATIONS AT THEM, OR MAYBE A SONG AND DANCE NUMBER?

ALL RIGHT MEN, THIS IS IT. IF THEY WANT US THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGHT US. WHERE'S NERVES?

ON MY WAY.

O-O-H — SORRY GUYS. I COULDN'T HOLD IT ANY LONGER. THOSE THINGS SMELL LIKE HELL.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR SOME **GROUND POUNDIN'** ACTION!

$#®@t#'N GREAT.

BOY, YOU GUYS SURE ARE UGLY, BUT EVEN WORSE THAN THAT . . .

WAAA!

. . . YOU'RE STUPID.

G-R-R-R-R-R

WHAT A MESS THESE THINGS AREN'T MUCH OF A MATCH BUT THEY'RE OUT-NUMBERING US.

CRIPES NERVES. YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT.

O-O-O-H I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS.

I'M GETTIN' HOT **MAN.** I'M SEATING BULLETS.

OH GOD! MY BLOOD'S BOILIN'. I FEEL LIKE A CHARCOAL BRIQUETTE.

OH **MAN** I FEEL **MUCH** BETTER, ACTUALLY I FEEL GREAT. IT'S ABOUT TIME I WAS GIVEN A DECENT POWER IN THIS STORY, THAT **SHAKIN'** WAS THE PITS.

NOW, ALL I NEED IS A PAIR OF ASBESTOS BOXERS.

NERVES! THIS AIN'T NO WEINIE ROAST, AND I COULD USE A HAND OVER HERE.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU STARTED PULLING YOUR WEIGHT IN THIS UNIT.

HEY NERVES WHEN YOUR DONE HELPING RADION, I COULD USE YOUR HELP. **THAT**, AND A DAMN MIRACLE.

YOU'VE GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT

WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON!

THESE IDIOTS AIN'T GOTTA PRAYER WITHOUT ME. I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO SAVE THESE BOYS AND BECOME A HERO . . .

. . . MAYBE EVEN MAKE THE COVER OF THE **ENQUIRER.**

HEY LIZARD BOYS! IF YOU EXPECT TO GET OUT OF THIS JAM YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR BUTTS OVER HERE FAST. I'VE DRAWN A CIRCLE IN THE DIRT. STAY WITHIN IT AND YOU'LL BE SAFE.

LIZARD BOYS! WHO DOES THIS GUY THINK HE IS?

COOL DOWN RIVIT. HE'S SAVIN' OUR BUTTS.

WHAT DO YA KNOW. ITS **WORKING.** THEY CAN'T CROSS THE LINE.

THIS FLY GUY IS ALL RIGHT.

IT AIN'T OVER YET.

YOU'RE SAFE, SO JUST SIT BACK, RELAX, AND WATCH THE BEASTIE FLY DO MY VOODOO THAT I DO SO WELL.

OH SACRED SPIRITS OF THE SWAMP.

SAVE OUR LOWLY BUTTS AND GRANT ME SPELL #36-24-36 AND CHARGE IT TO MY ACCOUNT.

OH **YEAH!** THAT'S THE TICKET.

THE BLONDE BOMB.

I AM READY, MASTER.

SO AM I.

ME TOO.

NO, ME.

ARE THESE THE SOULS YOU WISH CLAIMED?

SHUT UP YOU IDIOTS! NO IT BE THOSE OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE.

AS YOU WISH.

COME ON, BOYS.

JESUS CHRIST! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU IDIOT. RUN! EVERYBODY FOLLOW ME, **RUN!**

HIT THE DECK!

MEANWHILE — IN ANOTHER PART OF THE WORLD.

N O O-O-! HOW COULD THEY **SURVIVE**? SURVEIL-LANCE PROBE FLY BY AND FIND THEM!

THE OVERLORD'S MOBILE HEADQUARTERS PERCHED IN IT'S SECRET SUMMER LOW-CAL.

THEIR **LUCK** APPALLS ME. I WAS IN CONTROL OF THAT AIR-CRAFT. I THOUGHT THAT CRASH WOULD END THEIR RIDICULOUS LIVES.

MTR-575

HELL. I EVEN HAD THE 'CHUTES REMOVED. I JUST KNEW I SHOULD HAVE DET-ONATED IT WHILE IT WAS AIRBORNE.

BEEP-BEEP.

MTR-593

OVERLORD, SWITCH TO MONITOR 600. SURVEILLANCE PROBE HAS SIGHTED AN EXPLOSION IN THE SWAMP.

MTR-600

VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD **INDEED.** IT MUST BE THEM. **BUT** I REMOVED ALL THIER WEAPONS FROM THEIR CRAFT.

LAUNCH BAY.

PREPARE THE **DEATH DISK.** CO-ORDINATES HAVE ALREADY BEEN FED INTO THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM.

ALSO, LOAD IT WITH A TURBO-CHARGED BRAIN BASHIN' BIO-STOMPER.

AND LAUNCH AT MY COMMAND.

10-9-8-7-6-5 . . .

. . . 4-3-2-1-

THE DEATH DISK IS ON ITS WAY. TAKE-OFF WENT PERFECTLY.

BITCHIN'

MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I WON'T BE THERE TO GAZE UPON THEIR **PULVERIZED** REMAINS. THIS TIME THEY DON'T STAND A SNOW BALL'S CHANCE IN HELL.

JEEZ! WITHOUT WEAPONS.

THEY'RE REDUCED TO NOTHING MORE THAN **QUIVERING** WIMPS.

• LAB ⇨
RESTROOMS ⇨
• THEATER
⇦ BAR •

YEAH! NOW IT'S **MILLER TIME!**

BACK IN HAITI, THE BOYS ARE DO FOR SOME R&R. THEIR SAVIOR, BEASTIE FLY, HAS OFFERED THEM THE USE OF HIS SHACK. NEEDLES TO SAY, THEY JUMP AT THE OFFER.

IT'S JUST UP AHEAD, GUYS.

THAT'S THE SAME THING YOU SAID HALF AN HOUR AGO.

20 MINUTES LATER — NOW ON FOOT AND DEEPER IN THE SWAMP.

LOOK PAL, YOU TOLD US IT'S JUST UP AHEAD 20 MINUTES AGO. YOU ALSO SAID IT A COUPLE TIMES **BEFORE THAT.** NOW, HOW MUCH **FURTHER** IT IT?!

IT'S JUST UP AHEAD.

BEASTIE BOYS

A-H-H-H-G-! I CAN'T STAND IT. I'VE TAKEN ALL I'M GOING TO TAKE FROM THIS PENCIL NECK PUNK. IT'S **BUTT** STOMPIN' TIME AND WHEN I'M THROUGH I'M GONNA USE YOUR **HEAD** FOR A **DOORSTOP.**

HEY! YOU GUYS, YOUR FRIEND'S OUTTA CONTROL. I THINK HE'S HAD TOO MUCH COFFEE.

TOO MUCH **COFFEE?** WHY YOU LITTLE QUICHE EATIN' SON OF A . . .

WAIT DUDE. **LOOK! LOOK WE'RE HERE.**

HEY! LOOK SARGE, THAT FLY GUY WAS PUSHIN' ME TO THE LIMIT. ON TOP OF THAT IT'S BEEN A COUPLE OF DAYS SINCE I'VE EATIN.

I DON'T CARE, RIVIT. THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR LOOSIN' YOUR COOL. I BELIEVE YOU **OWE** BEASTIE AN APOLOGY.

CLOSE ENOUGH.

OH BROTHER. HEY! FLY GUY! I'M SORRY I LOST MY ™#¢%@N' TEMPER. HOW'S **THAT** SARGE?

THAT'S **ALL** HE'S GETTIN'.

NO PROBLEM. YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY. I'D BE ACTING LIKE A TOTAL JACKASS MYSELF.

COME ON, TIME TO EAT.

WE'RE IN YOUR DEBT FLY. THAT MEAL WAS **GREAT**. AND THANKS FOR SAVING US EARLIER. NOW FOR A STOGIE.

HERE. I'LL GET THAT.

YA KNOW THAT TALENT IS REALLY GONNA COME IN HANDY.

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, SARGE. IT'S REALLY BOOSTED MY MORAL. NOW I DON'T FEEL LIKE SUCH A BURDEN.

SEE WHAT I MEAN, SARGE?

GIVE ME A **BREAK.**

STOW IT, RIVIT.

HEY! I HEARD SOMETHING OUTSIDE.

WHO IS THAT?

YOU MEAN WHAT IS THAT?

IT'S HAZEL, THE SWAMP WITCH AND SHE'S PISSED ABOUT SOMETHING.

WITH A NAME LIKE THAT I'D BE PISSED TOO.

THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO BE JOKIN'. SHE'S DANGEROUS.

DANGEROUS? UGLY, FOR SURE, BUT HARDLY DANGEROUS.

LOOK, YOU GUYS CAN HANG OUT HERE AS LONG AS YOU WANT—BUT I'M **TAKIN'** OFF **RIGHT NOW.**

WHAT **MORE** COULD I ASK FOR?

THE LAST FEW INGREDIENTS I NEED FOR MY SPELL FOR TOTAL WORLD DOMINATION ARE **STANDING** ON THE PORCH BEFORE ME.

YOU'RE FIRST, LIZARD HAIR IS AN EXTREMELY RARE COMMODITY AND I'LL TAKE WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

OVER MY **DEAD** BODY, WITCH.

I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT I'VE **GOT**— BUT IT AIN'T **HAIR.**

EAT HEAT, HAZEL!

DID YOU THINK IT WOULD BE THAT EASY, YOU SKINNY LITTLE TWERP.

CRIPES! AND I THOUGHT SHE WAS UGLY BEFORE. ON TOP OF THAT SHE'S OUT FOR BLOOD.

THAT'S AN **UNDERSTATEMENT** MY LARGE GREEN INGREDIENT. NOW I'M GOING TO DO WHAT I . . . WHA . . . ?

A H H H H H-H

CRASH

BOOM

WHAT DO YOU CALL **THAT**?

THAT'S **WHAT** YOU CALL LUCK.

NO KIDDING, THAT WITCH WAS ABOUT TO PUT THE WHAMMEY ON US.

NOT ONLY THAT BUT ANOTHER 10 FEET AND THAT OVER-SIZED FRISBEE WOULD HAVE BEEN ON US.

RIVIT!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE **KIDDING!**

DIG HAZEL OUT FROM UNDER THIS.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE **KIDDING!**

IT WAS **YOU!**

AFTER WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO DO TO **US**? **HA**. **YOU** DIG HER OUT.

IT WAS **YOU!**

GACK!

YOU ALMOST GAVE ME A **HEART** ATTACK.

YOU KILLED HER!

HEY WAIT A . . .

DA WITCH BE DEAD!

HANG ON PAL. THAT THING KILLED HER, NOT ME . . .

SHE BE DEAD?

DEAD AS A DOORNAIL.

LET'S CELEBRATE WITH A SONG.

A ONE AND A TWO AND A . . .

SHE BE DEAD . . .

SING DONE.

WHO ARE YOU?

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M TALKING TO YOU **TWO**!

WE'RE DOING EXACTLY WHAT THE SCRIPT SAID ALTHOUGH THIS IS A BIZZARE LOOKING HOUSE. THOSE ARE THE SHOES I'M SUPPOSE TO REMOVE, AREN'T THEY?

YAP YAP YAP YAP

MY SCRIPT DOESN'T HAVE ANY OF THIS STUFF IN IT, EITHER YOU GUYS ARE IN THE WRONG **BOOK** OR THE GUY DRAWING THIS IS FLAKING OUT.

I VOTE THE LATTER.

CALL ME SOMETIME. LET'S DO LUNCH.

LISTEN **BUB.** DO YOU THINK YOU COULD STICK TO OUR STORY?

SURE, SORRY ABOUT THAT.

WELL? LET'S GET BACK TO THE **ACTION.**

YOU WANT **ACTION** YOU'VE GOT IT, BUB.

NOW GET HER OUT FROM UNDER THERE.

LIKE I SAID SARGE, YOU WANT HER OUT, **YOU GET HER OUT.**

CCCKWZZBAVTK

THE ARGUING IS CUT SHORT BY SOUNDS COMMING FROM THE SHIP.

OMIGOD! IT'S A BOMB!

TAKE IT EASY, NERVES. HAVE A LOOK.

GET BACK MEN. SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.

ZZCKBZZ

THAT'S WHAT I CALL **LUCK.**

LUCK, ALL RIGHT, **BAD** LUCK.

WOW

IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT'A VEH.CLE.

OF ALL THE PLACES THIS COULD HAVE **LANDED**, IT LAND-ED RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, THE **BIGGER** THEY ARE THE **FASTER** YOU RUN.

AS YOUR LEADER, I SAY WE FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE SET BY NERVES AND **RUN**!

I'LL SECOND THAT.

KEEP FROM MOISTURE

CAUTION! KEEP FROM MOISTURE

USE NUCLEAR FUEL ONLY

HE MAY BE **BIGGER** BUT I AIN'T RUNNIN'!

THE CHOICE IS YOURS PAL. WE'LL COME BACK AND SCOOP YOU UP LATER.

O.K. **ROBUB**, YOU LOOK TUFF, LET'S JUST SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF . . .

. . . AND SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE A BLOW FROM MY MASSIVE-LY MUSCULAR BOD!

Y E E-E-A-H-H

CRACK

O-O-O-O-H, I'VE RUN INTO **SOFTER** TRAINS.

NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS WOULD I HAVE IMAGINED IT WOULD **END** LIKE THIS.

SQUISHED LIKE A BUG BY AN OVERSIZED KID'S TOY.

OH BOY

WHAT A **TIME** FOR BEASTIE'S CHILE TO CATCH UP WITH ME.

WHAT AM **I DOING?** I'VE GOT TO STAND MY **GROUND**. I'M NOT THE SHIVERING SISSY I USED TO BE. BESIDES IF ONE OF US DOESN'T DO SOMETHING QUICK, RIVIT'S **FERTILIZER**.

BOOM

OOOHHH?

EVERYONE INTO THE COVER OF THE TREES **ASAP**!

WE CAN'T STOP IT. **MAYBE** WE'LL OUT RUN IT.

DOWN THIS PATH. WE CAN MAKE BETTER TIME ON LEVEL GROUND.

DEAD END.

WHY DO WE LISTEN TO YOU, RADION?

IF ANYONE'S GOT A SUGGESTION— NOW'S THE TIME TO VOICE IT.

EAT THIS YOU PSYCHOTIC FOOD PROCESSOR. ON YOLR FEET **RIVIT** AND **RUN**!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

COME BACK YOU COWARD. HOW CAN YOU LEAVE US?

GOTTA HURRY.

I HOPE HE TURNS AND BLOWS YOUR COWARDLY BUTT AWAY.

PERFECT

I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING

WHAT HE'S **DOING** IS OBVIOUS.

I HOPE THIS WORKS.

NOTHING'S HAPPENING.

IT DIDN'T WORK. OH, I CAN'T WATCH **THIS**. I'M SORRY GUYS.

HE'S SORRY!

AT LEAST I'M GOIN' WITH A STOGIE BETWEEN MY TEETH AND MY MEN BY MY SIDE.

AND A WHIMP ON THE CLIFF.

GAME OVER

HA, THAT SURE BLEW HIS MIND.

OURS TOO.

YOU GUYS SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOUR FACES.

MAN I WISH I HADN'T SWALLOWED MY STOGIE.

THAT AIN'T NOTHIN', SARGE, MY JOCKEY SHORTS ARE FULL OF HERSHEY SQUIRTS.

NERVES, GO INTO THE SWAMP AND DEEP SIX THOSE SKIVIES. IN THE MEANTIME, RIVIT AND RADION DO YOU THINK YOU CAN BUILD US SOME SORTA VEHICLE OUT OF WHAT'S LEFT OF THIS THING?

SURE, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY TOOLS.

SO, WE'VE GONE THIS WHOLE ISSUE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A **SQUIRT GUN** AND WE'RE DOING ALL RIGHT. JUST **WAKE** ME WHEN YOU THROUGH.

SOME HOURS LATER THE CONSTRUCTION OF A MAKE-SHIFT VEHICLE IS COMPLETE AND WE REJOIN OUR **FATIGUED FORESOME** HIGH IN THE SKY AS THEY SEARCH FOR AN INVITING PLACE TO LAND. A PLACE WITH A DECENT BED, BAR, AND CABLE TELEVISION. THE BARE ESSENTIALS TO SUSTAIN LIFE AS THEY KNOW IT. AFTER ALL, THE DAY'S TURN OF EVENTS HAVE LEFT THE BOYS DRAINED MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY.

THINGS **FINALLY** APPEAR TO BE GOING RIGHT FOR THE **CBCC**— BESIDES, WHAT **ELSE** COULD GO **WRONG**.

LOOK! A VILLAGE AND I THINK I SEE A POOL. TAKE THIS **BABY** DOWN, RADION.

WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE FELLAS —WE'RE OLT OF FUEL.

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

THANKS— FOR THOSE WORDS OF COMFORT.

TAKE IT EASY. WE'VE GOT A FEW SECONDS BEFORE WE **BUY** THE FARM.

THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME SORT OF SAFETY FEATURE IN HERE. LOOK FOR IT!

PULL IF FALLING FROM SKY

HERE IT IS!

I'VE GOT THE NEXT **ROUND**, GUYS.

THAT'S REAL GENEROUS OF YOU SINCE I BOUGHT THE FIRST THREE.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE. IF THAT HANDLE WAS FOR A BOOSTER ROCKET INSTEAD OF A PARACHUTE, WE'D BE HAMBURGER...

. . . SO, **RELAX** AND ENJOY.

I AM RELAXED. **ANYWAYS** HAS ANYONE SEEN NERVES? WE CAN'T END THE STORY WITHOUT **HIM.**

I SAW HIM HEADING FOR THE SURF.

HEY, IF IT'S **GOTTA** END AT LEAST IT'S GOT AN **END** LIKE THIS.

CURSE THOSE COLD BLOODED CREEPS. THEY'VE WON **THIS ROUND** BUT WHEN NEXT WE MEET . . .

. . . I WILL BE **HOLDING** THE WINNING HAND AND THEY'LL WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN.

GENETICALLY ALTERED!

THANKS TO JUSTIN FOR TYPING CHORES.

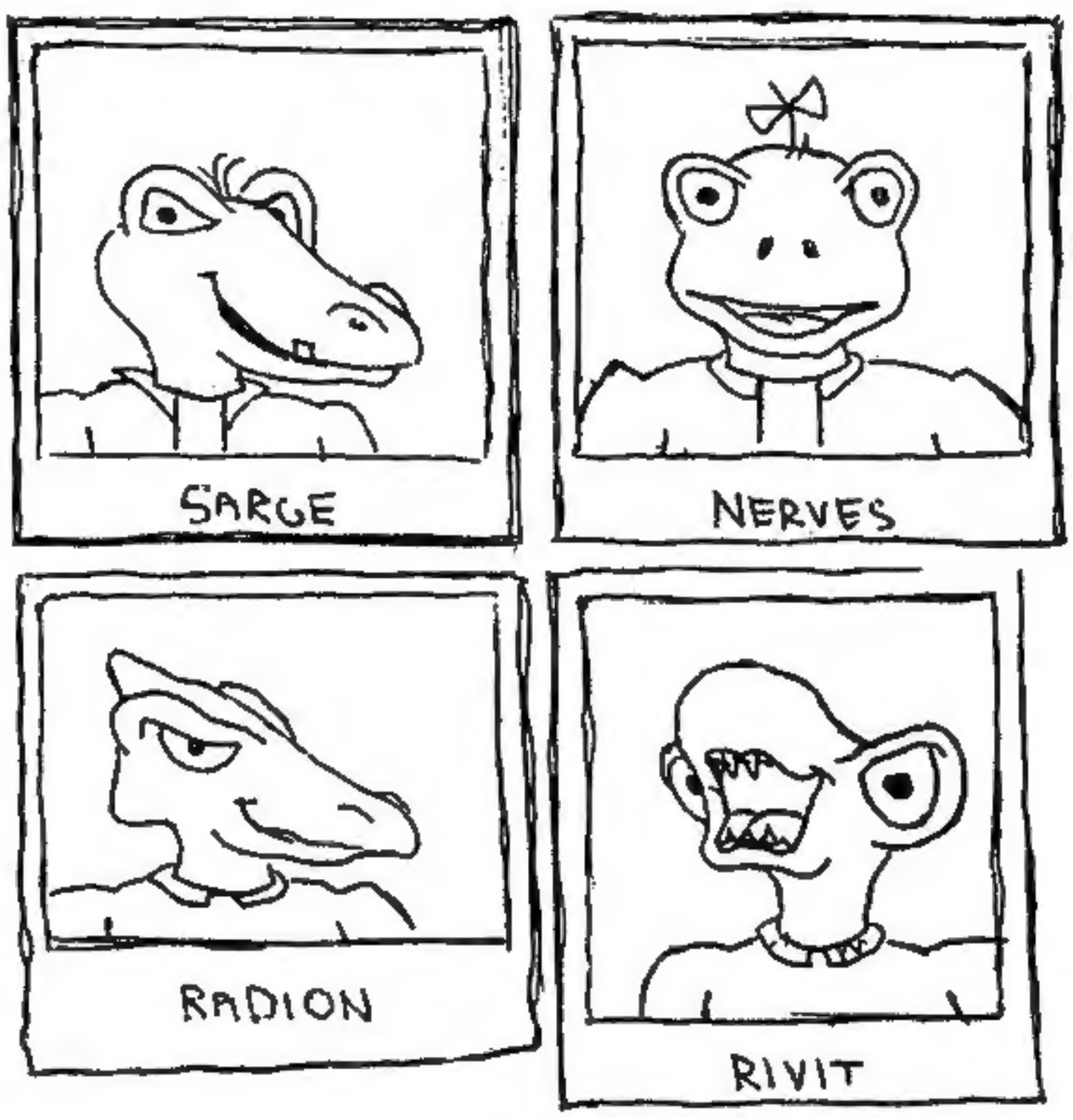
CHAMELEON COMMANDER'S CORRESPONDENCE

Welcome to a very special issue of CBCC. Unless you're the type of fan who jumps to the letters page first, you've already seen the BIG change in the look of this series.

Starting now, Mike Kelley will be handling all the creative responsibilities for your favorite Commandos. Mike has really cut loose with his best work ever, and the Chameleons have never looked better!

So, now coming your way every other month, the same great Commandos, with the same great action and adventure, NOW with an all-new HOT look and the best stories any lizard ever starred in!

Baby pictures of the Commandos
by Tommy Foster



Rivit
by Chris Haight

COMMANDOS CORRESPONDENCE

SEND TO:

COMMANDOS CORRESPONDENCE
c/o BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING, INC.
786 Blackthorne Avenue • El Cajon, CA 92020

Dear Commandos,

My name is Lyndon, and I bet you $100 that I'm your biggest fan. CBCC is my favorite comic. I have all the issues. I have a few questions:

1) Why do the Chameleons keep changing from weaklings to be really strong?

2) What happened to Dr. Poindexter at the end of issue #3?

That's all my questions for now.
Pleeeeeese print this in a letter column.

Lyndon,

1) See the editorial.
2) See issue #4.
3) Where else should we print it?
The off-ramp of Rte 163?
Oh, by the way, you aren't the biggest fan.
I am.
Pay up.

Dear sirs,

You have a great book. It's worth every cent. I just picked up the first (and I hope not the only) issue of RIVIT. Will there be other solo adventures of the rest of the guys?

YO HO HO COMMANDOS, GO!

Aron Hegg

And a Fee Fi Fo Fum back at ya, Aron. For now, there are no plans for solo adventures for Nerves, Radion or Sarge; CBCC is enough of a adventure by itself! But keep your fingers crossed.

Dear Chameleon Commandos,

Issue #2 has been my favorite, so far. I love the art in it. I have always liked to draw, and I really like to draw the Commandos! They are hot guys! I have enclosed a picture of my favorite, Rivit.

Could you send me a picture of the Commandos?

Chris Haight

Dear Chris,

Thanks for your enthusiasm. I've relayed your request to Mike, but as a general rule, artists aren't able to supply all *their requests for sketches. Your best bet would be to catch Mike (or any other artist) at the upcoming Comic-Con in San Diego. It's happening August 6-9 at the Convention Center.*
See you there!

Dear William & Michael,

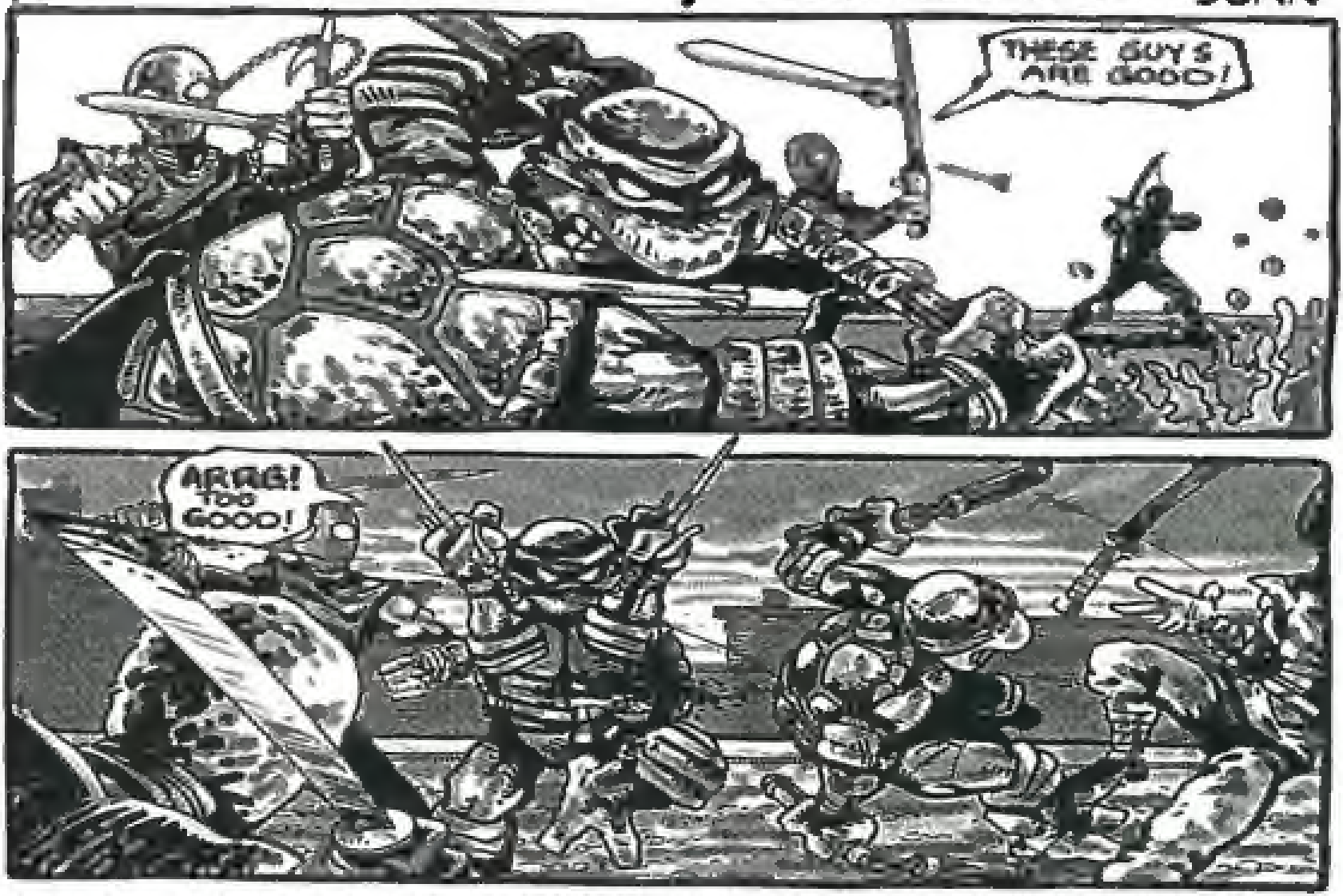
Like I said about Dwayne Ferguson's *HAMSTER VICE*, CBCC is Sensational, Spectacular, Uncanny, Incredible, Adventurous, Original & AWESOME! The drawings are cool, wicked, Bad-A and —neat—.

That's about it.

Your best customer,
Tommy Foster

Try not to be so subdued, Tommy.

A SPIDEYMAN / MINUTEMEN-ZT SCAN



LIKE IT? BUY IT! SUPPORT THE COMICS INDUSTRY!

HTTP://TMNTSCANS.BLOGSPOT.COM